drawing about with with and wave. The many driving about. With with and wave. The many driving about. The grew of the brig must have been stricken with a plague, and after a few deaths the survivors abandoned her. The mais reported a poculiar door from the cabin her fell sick. The Cantain was taken ill the same day, having precisely the same symptoms, and inside of four days both were dead and others had been attacked.

The cantain was taken ill the same day, having precisely the same symptoms, and inside of four days both were dead and others had been attacked.

The plague, which raged for many days, but he told ensugh to satisfy any listener that a horrible shite of affairs must have existed. The third mate took command, but was not a competent process of the control of the same days and the plague, which raged for many days, but he told ensugh to satisfy any listener that a horrible shite of affairs must have existed. The mate tried to mas of the island of st. I all, but missed tried to mas of the island of st. I all, but missed tried to mas of the island of st. I all, but missed tried to mas of the island of st. I all, but missed tried to mas of the island of st. I all, but missed the care what died, the latter rose in mutin rand deposed the mate and took general possession. No one could navigate the ship, and she was therefore stripped of her canvas and left to dector was the fifth or sixth vietim of the plague, it ran on unchecked ustil only about a dozen people were left, and nine or ton of them were thrown overboard as soon as stricken down, and by and by no fresh cases were reported. There were survivors cough to have worked the ship to the cape, or to have the dozen when the ship and the plant with the lidea now was to possess therefore the plague. It ran on unchecked ustil only about a dozen beauty when the ship and the plant when the ship and the plant when the ship and the plant with the lidea to the ship and the plant with the lidea to the ship and the ship and the ship and the ship and the ship a

he was dead. The trouble would be to convince officers of the truth of the story. My first care was to ascertain if such a ship as the disting Sun had been lost in the rear he named. In about a month I was satisfied on this point, the was supposed to have foundered at sea, and what Lee had stated about her cargo was found to be correct. The chart of the Indian becam showed the Island, and I continued to investigate until I learned that there was an funcion whater named John Bill. I wrote to Messra Harcourt & Smood, her owners, at Brislot, and ther in the owners, at Brislot, and ther in the owners are trusted from the Faktand islands in which he stated that he did pick the scaller Rearing on a rate at the fibre and shower that the sum of a cruise and after many months I sate there from him written from the Faktand islands in which he stated that he did pick the scaller Rearing on a rate at the lines when it had secured all my proofs and then I did red out to interest others in the story.

The rour remember of reading array Rema about the Indian thesen Transmer tempany in the rear larger in seate of all our effects the rewarding for the product of all our effects the rewarding that enough he red and our end of whom man as completed of all men all of whom man segyed in the Federal never and our end our end of the segyed in the Federal never and our end our end of the segyed in the Federal never and our end our end our end of the segyed in the Federal never and our end our

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAT.

A fine Treeserve that was fast set from the Coverage of the Valley and the Land of the 10th of July, 1883, the English teamer Badeer, which had run the blockade at Carketian on less than five times, and the teamer's the blockade of carketial. A hot fire was immediately onesed on ner, and in her efforts to get ways he ran on a stonal and was at an interest to get ways he ran on a stonal and was at an interest the blockader passed through the steamer's the passed through the steamer's the blockader passed through the steamer's the blockader passed through the steamer's the t

## Wined Off the Boster.

It happens that way sometimes, a misunderstanding of orders, meeting with unlookedfor obstructions, the officer in command losing his head just at the critical moment. We had charged up the highway to find most of the planks removed from a bridge crossing a run. Two or three army wagons had broken down and been turned across the road. There were dead men and dead horses, and before we reached the hill our formation was broken. and we were driven back like a mob. There was no fighting on our part, and yet we lost fifteen men of our 100. Later on in the war some one would have been court martialled for ordering such a movement, but as we came galloping back to re-form behind the regiment,

the Colonel rode down upon us and shouted:
"You cowards! You skulks! You have disgraced the regiment, and I'll have you drummed out of it! Where is Capt. Starks?" bullet, and there was blood on his face. A secand bullet had entered his shoulder, and his left arm hung helpless. His First Lieutenant

builet, and there was blood on his face. A second builet had entered his shoulder, and his left arm hung helpless. His First Lieutenant lay dead back there, and his Second fell from his saddle with the pain of the wound in the hip as we came back.

"They were too strong for us!" reported Capt. Starks, saluting the Colonel, who rode up to him with white face and blazing eyes.

"Too strong for you!" thundered the officer, I was no charge, sir! Your men were not properly led! Retire your company and consider yourself under arrest!"

The charge of cowardlee against a private soldler meant ridicule, insult, contempt. Only another coward would share his blanket or eat of his rations. Against a commissioned officer it meant such oatracksm and degradation that he had better have been found out to be an escaped convict. We had been driven back. We had been called cowards. Our Captain was under arrest. No one gave the order. We formed by fours, the wounded Captain rode to the head of the line, and with the Colonel shouting and storming and the regiment aprelauding we moved forward.

The enemy has been reenforced. More planks have been removed from the bridge, fence rails plied across the road, dead horses rolled up to make a breastwork. A regiment of infantry could not break through new. Trot. gallon, charge! Some keep to the road, some take to the ditches. The fences on either side are lined with the enemy's infantry, who show no pit, and from the turn in the road ahead two pieces of artillers are belehing grave and canister. There are no orders. We have been called cowards, and was are pushing forward to death. Men shriek and curse as they throw up their arms and fall from the saidle. Horses seream out in pain and terror as iron or lead enters their flesh.

Over the bridge, over the barricades, over the dead and wounded we follow our "apriain, who has no bridle arm and waves his sabre around his head as his horse carries him forward to dead or priseners; more than half dead; every prisoner wounded. They were left at th

## THE MINK CAUGHT THE HEN!

A Hoy Caught the Mink; the Mink Cought Boy and Father, and a Club Won the Trick. MONESDALE, Pa., Dec. 23. -Simpson Chumard is a farmer living in Lower Damascus township, this county. He has an eight-year-old son, and minks are plentiful thereabout. The other day the eight-rear-old boy was playing in the yard, and heard a great commotion among the chickens. He ran to see what was among the chickens. He ran to see what was the matter, and found that a mink had caught a hen by the neck. The boy grabbed the mink, not because he wanted the mink, but to save the hen. The mink took his laws off of the hen and transferred them to the boy's hand. The boy kicked and yelled, but the mink held on to his hand. Farmer Chunard, hearing his boy's cries, hurried to the shot. He grabbed the mink not because he wanted it, tur to save the hoy. The mink dropped the boy and set his tooth in Farmer Chunard's hand. The farmer ran with the mink has pool of water and trief to drown it. The mink wouldn't drown nor lot go of the farmer's hand. Then thumsed trief to drown it. The mink wouldn't drown nor lot go of the farmer's hand. Then thumsed trief to enoke to animal to death, but faried: so he got a chite and hammered the mink on the head until he sitted it. The 31.66 for the mink as the head until he sitted it. The 31.66 for the mink as the will not hegin to pay the dector for eater up the bands of Farmer Chumard and buy.

WHITTIER ON IMMORTALITY. Unpublished Letters of the Poet,

Chartyle, 1872, by C f. Som.
The wiedom of Lord Bacon found ne higher reach than in the utterance: "It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in poles of truth." If ever simind did thus move and rest and turn, it was Whittier's, and he thus found a heaven upon earth, as it were, for

himself, and helped others find it.
In transcribing, for the public ere, the following selections from the poet's personal letters, there is no sense of violating a friendly trust, but rather of reverently confirming. through Mr. Whittier's familiar prose, the sentiments everywhere visible; in his poetry.
Many, too, admiring his character, but having little taste for even the best verse, may thus read the one partial expression of his thought

and feeling without having read the other.

The letters bridge the space between 1879 and 1802; but little pains will be taken to note the exact date, unless it have connection with the quoted passage. The following was penned in the summer of 1879, in reply to a letter expressing my own faith and doubt. Both Mr. Whittier and I had intense sympathy with the mental experience of Charles Lamb, as given with such fascinating naturalness in

his "Letters": "I suppose nine out of ten really thoughtful people, were they to express their real feeling, would speak much as thee do, of the mingled 'dread and longing' with which they look forward to the inevitable surrender of life. Of course, temperament and present surroundings have much influence with us. There are some self-catisfied souls who, as Charles Lamb says, 'can stalk into futurity on stilts,' but there are more Fearings and Despondencys than Greathearts in view of the

loss of all we know." "I have heard Garrison talk much of his faith in spiritualism. He had no doubts whatever, and he was very happy. Death was to him but the passing from one room to another and higher one. But his facts did not convince me. I am slow to believe new things, and in a matter of such tremendous interest, I want 'assurance doubly sure.' I wonder whether, if I could see a real ghost, I should believe my own senses. I do sometimes feel very near to dear ones who have left me-perhaps they are with me then. I am sure they would be, if it were possible.

"Of one thing I feel sure: that something outside of myself speaks to me, and holds me to duty; warns, reproves, and approves. It is good, for it requires me to be good; it is wise, for it knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is to me a revelation of God, and of His character and attributes: the one important fact, before which all others seem insignificant. I have seen little or nothing of what is called spiritualism: I do not think its fruits have always been good; but the best things may be abused and counterfeited. I wish there were a possibility of knowing what it

"I entirely sympathize with thee and dear Charles Lamb. I have no longer youth and strength, and I have not much to hope for, as far as this life is concerned. But I enjoy life; It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun.' I love nature in her varied aspects, and, as I grow older. I flud much to love in my fellow creatures, and also more to pity. I have the instinct of immortality, but the conditions of that life are unknown. I cannot conceive what my own identity and that of dear ones gone before me will be. And then the unescapeable sense of sin in thought and deed, and doubtiess some misconception of the charac-ter of God, makes the boldest of us cowards. Does thee remember the epitaph-prayer of Martin Elginbrod?

Martin Figinbrod Y

Here lie I, Martin Riginbrod.

Have pity on my soul. Lord fied.

As I wad do ware I Lord food.

Think there is a volume of comfort in that verse. We Christians seem less brave and tranquil, in view of death, than the old Stole sages. Witness Marcus Antoninus. I wonder if the creed of Christendom is really the 'glad tidings of great joy to all people' which the angels sang of. For myself, I believe in God as Justice, Goodness. Tenderness—in one word, Love; and yet my trust in Him is not strong enough to overcome the natural shrinking from the law of death. Even our Master prayed that that cup might, pass from Him, 'If it were possible.'"

What was noticeable in Mr. Whittler's con-

What was noticeable in Mr. Whittler's conversation, is everywhere perceptible in his writings, and shows itself equally in his letters, is his transparency of character. He took no pains to conceal his real feeling or opinion; conscious of the supreme desire to be after the Master's pattern, he did not concern himself unduly with the seeming, nor gloss over his human side of occasional doubt, or fear, or weakness by pretending that his mind was never shadowed by it. Always exuitant over temporary questionings; ever rising triumphantly on the wings of Faith out of the dark of Doubt; his power over the minds of men lay, and lies, in his utter truthfulness—his sincere revelation of the twofold workings of his own spirit. That he found, in his few-worded faith, all needed strength for meeting the emergencies of his signal life; and, at last, for facing death with perfect eaimness, resignation, and a sublime trust—this is the best and most convincing proof of the conquering efficacy of that simple faith, and an encouragement to those who, despite all efforts, find themselves often in the dark concerning the great problems of life and death. As regards the epitaph-prayer, it had long been as great a favorite with me as with Whittier; and I have felt that George Macdonald, when writing David Eighabrod and Robert Falcener, was really doing more to put the Almighty in His true character before men than one-half of the clergy from their pulpits. The year 1879 brought us the loss of W. L. Garrison, the noble reformer, and Bayard Tayard, the famous poet and traveller. Roth were closs friends of Whittler, and in a letter dated 3d Mo. 11, of this year, he writes: "Nor layard was buried ten daya ago in the old quaker hural ground of Longwood. How many of my life companions have so dropped out of sight! And they make no sign! But the dear God has not mocked us with the hore of immortality. I feel it rather than hope it; and helieve in death of the departure of my dear and early friend Garrison and now it is announced. From the What was noticeable in Mr. Whittier's con-

fo:

Like clouds that rack the mountain sommita,
Like waves that know no guiding hand,
a awift has brether followed brother
From sunstains to the Suniess Land.

"Like slends that rack the mountain summits.
Like waves that know no guiding hand,
I a said has brother followed bother

Your sunshine to the Suniese Land.

"Where they are, and how they are, I would be glad to know, but I have a fixed faith that it is well with them. They are in His bands, who can have no motive to do otherwise than the heat that is possible for them and for us."

A little later Mr. Whittier's large yet simple faith is thus forcibly and characteristically expressed: My difficulty is not from doubt of the future life. I can conceive of no end to myself. I expect to live on, but how? I have a constitutional dread of change and newness. Hut I have a fixed faith in the goodness of God, in the wisdom and benign tenderness of His love in all worlds and lives: and in my weakness and darkness I lean heavily opon lim. I am but too sensible of frailties and sins. I have no experience of cotatic emotions, but I know that I love goodness and mercy, charity and peace; that my soul longs for harmony and meral symmetry; that I would sooner wrong myself than my neighbor; and, at times, the sweet sense of an infinite love overwhelms me and fills me with gratifude and thank spiring."

His himself did not underline the words. In all worlds and lives; but I have emphasized them in added proof of all that his postry offers of his faith in the everlasting love and mercy of flod toward all men.

It may not be universally known that Whittier's mother was spared him till he was fifty; his love for her, and devotion to her welfare, were memorable. The following letter was, therefore, I well knew, written right out of his heart and experience:

I have just re-relead thy note informing me of thy mother's departure. I will not troutle these with words. I know which the great in evitable thereavement is, and the unabsokableness of the shadue dud separation, flut my deepest symmethy is with thee. It is a good to be with thy mother and minister to have love the advance of the minister was the limber of the harden on this, th

intercepting of the divine light; and, in Whitter ease, who the state the shadow.

Issuembering that the very name of the seet of which Whittler belonged is, as it were, a great root of partial pain he must have about an heroically for freedom even though, it had to be bought with strife? It was hard of that, in his case, was the sense of fluiding himsoil bound, through overwhelming construction of the string of the st

giffs, and some two or three hundred letters, which my poor sight makes it impossible to answer as I could wish."

This I find in a summer letter of 1890: "I scarcely know what is going on in the world. My eyes will not allow of much use. I can't look over the newspapers, and this planet of ours must wag on as it pleases, for all I can't leave it." He was spared to bless it thank God! more than two years thereafter.

The last letter received from Mr. Whittler has the date 4, 10, 1892, and was written just after a three months' struggle with the grip. In it is a touch of his old playfulness: It has left me very weak, but I am thankful that I am gaining daily. The Irishman's description of the grip, that he was deadly sick for three weeks after he was entirely well, is confirmed by my own experience.

My eyes fail me a good deal, and I can use them only for a brief letter, just to tell thee that I am glad to hear from thee, and that I am always affectionarily thy friend.

John G. Whittier."

Yea: faith, life, song most meetly named him Friends, and in the Christ-path he we cheer's tred.

That all men saw he was the friend of God!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

CHARLOTTE PINER BATES.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN. Bet by the Gregorian Calendar, It Is Colo

brated with Quaint Observances, Even the Japanese celebrate Christmas,

although unintentionally. They have accepted the Gregorian New Year instead of their own and decorate their houses in honor of the occasion. But the influence of the Engish who live among them has made them very prompt in putting up their finery, so that they are generally in full festive array by the dawn of Christmas. The decorations are decidedly unique from

an American's point of view. Every detail,

however, is perfect, and every feature has some meaning. Across the front of the house,

were gointer throw am away, but then I happened to think, young up like, that mebbe they disate good by an' by, an' so I stuck'om in my clo'es.

"Well, sir, Peleg. I follered that rabbit a miled an' then came to where it had crop' in under a hig root. I wan't long a pullin' of it out an' killin' of it, so' were on the printo' toddin' back home with it, when I looked up an' see sum in' that riled me. When my nammy had gone out to milk an' top to feed the hogs that mornin' sonny, it were fore I had got outer bed yit, so when they got back to the house they din't think nothin' o not seein' me 'round. But when breakfast were resignal mammy went to hustle me out an' I wan't there to be hustled, her an' pop went to tearin' round like a hen with its head off. Fooly soon mammy seen my tracks in the snow.

Ituliver Gites" she hollered. Guilliver were my pop's given name, sonny, an' when mammy hollered it pop wan't never long a comin'. Tould like a hen with the holers. That oncommon young un has gone out a rabbit trackin'.

"Pop he come a-runnin' to where mammy was an sure senough, there was my tracks."

"Goshil mighty" says he. "He's arter that rabbit ex sure ex pines kinde' sars he. 'an' if he ever keiches up to it, an' it gives him one sick,' sars he. 'that roung un's a goner' says he. 'that roung un's a goner' wan't heet to lake it away from me. This is not had thower seen nothin like it alive. "Now says it this here is too had. After two lake it away from me. This is tough!' says he and there are the like it alive had it have seen nothin like it alive. 'Now says it this here is too had.' After two lake it away from me. This is sound he so lake it away from me. This is sound he so lake it away from me. This is sound he so lake it away from me. This is sound he so lake it away from me. This is sound here is lake it away from me. This is sound here is lake it away from me. This is sound to be so lied!"

The bar wan't me can up an' were ask i. If they here done had a lake it away from me. This is sound out one of the si for instance, is festooned a grass rope with a deep fringe. This is a very pleasant sort of a thing for a man to have over his door, for no evil spirit dare pass under it. Over each entrance hange a great tassel of grass containing a scarlet crayfish. Its crooked body symbolizes the back of the aged, beat with years. This is surrounded with the branches of a kind of iaponica whose young leaves bud before the old ones are shed. This is typical of parents living when their children's children are born. In the centre are the leaves of the Japanese polypody, which symbolizes conjugal life because the franks symbolizes conjugal life because the franks symbolizes conjugal in pairs. Embrye leaves symbolize offspring. There is also a piece of charcoal, which means home, and two little pieces of enaveal, which means home, and two little pieces of enaveal, which typiff good fortune and recoleting. In the middle of all is the lucky bar, a square of white major head in by a red and white string, which marks a present.

Not only the Japanese, but the third present in Japanese and rarrily for the 2. Six I dwin AFOod, when in Japanese, but the third particle the land and a land and the hard figure of the Japanese that is look care to have it ready only for New Year's and not on thristmas.

The natives have another decuration consisting of three green banishose with siliced tobe, reminding one of organ pipes, erected on each side of the portal at a distance of six feet, the right hand one appraising out of a luft of the mematsu, which signifies the formals principle, and the left hand from the omatsu, which signifies the formals principle and the left hand from the omatsu which signifies the male. In the united of all these embless the national flare secretally wave from back secquered poles headed with gold halls if the common records fail to disjuly these flags they are admonished by the puline, and the left day of the Feer A man who fails to do so without leave of his credifors is distinct the first day of the Feer A man who fails to do so without leave of his credifors is dishanced. Consequently those who are in debt try to sell everything which will fetch money, and in Tokio a buge fair to bed in the principal street on New Year's eve for this purpose. parents living when their children's children are born. In the centre are

THE OLD SETTLER.

Peter Makes a Christmas Wish, and M. "Gran'pop," said little Peleg, "I wisht Christman'd come on Monday every year. "Do ye, sonny?" asked the Old Bettler. What'd be the p'tic'lar p'int in Chris'mas a

Why, you know, gran'pop !" said Peleg. "Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler. took to 'sinniwatin' ag'in'!"
"No. I hain't, gran'pop!"

"An' now ye'v took to conterdictin'. An' arter all the times I've warned ye ag'in 'em! Boys that 'sinniwates an' conterdicts 'll hev a hard row to hos ex they meander forrid an' to an' fro', an' here an' there through the t'restial sp'ere o' this wicked world, an' 'll more'n likely hey a sweatin' time when they pass over Jurdan an' try to continue their meanderin's through the s'iestial sp'ere o' t'other world. what'd a overtook me when I were a boy, if I'd a 'sinniwated an' conterdicted my granpop? The orful right hand o' jestice, with a strap In it, would a overtook me, b'gosh, an' re could a heard me fer half a miled a liftin' up my voice an' weepin' an' wailin', an' mebbeagnashin' o' teeth, an' my settin'-down places wouldn't a know'd me no more fer a week, unless my mammy snuck around an' kinder put a down piller on 'em! That's what'd a overtook me, my son, if I'd a sot an' 'sinniwated an' conterdicted my gran'pop when I were a little boy. Sinniwation is the thief o' time, Peleg, an' conterdictin' is wuss'n adinner o' yarbs on the housetop while yer neighbor is chawin' a

stalled ox in the kitchen !" Peleg, who had started in with cheerfulness. had became much depressed under this severe lecture of his grandfather, and he whined a little when he asked:

Now, how did I 'sinuate, gran'pop?" 'Didn't I ast ye what'd be the p'int fr Chris'mas comin' ev'ry year on Monday? said the Old Settler.

"Yes, sir," said Peleg.
"An' didn't ye up an' say that I know'd?

"Yes, gran'pop, but —"
"Wull, wa'n't that 'sinniwatin'? That were cold 'sinniwation that I know'd all the time what that p'int were, an' were lettin' on that I didn't! Don't do it ag'in, sonny, fer, ez my poor ol' pop usety say, it's better to hev a sar-pint's tooth than to be a thankless child. Now, then, Peleg, what'd be the p'tic'lar p'int in Chris'mas comin' on Monday ev'ry year?"

"Why," said Peleg, his cheerfulness restored, "'cause that'd be three days hand-runnin'. year in an' year out, when school didn't go in!" The Old Settler puffed at his pipe in thought ful silence for a while, and then said:
"If wishes was hosses, sonny, beggars could

"If wishes was hosses, sonny, beggars could ride. But that ain't nuther here nor there. The ain't nuthin' that don't git tired wunst in a while, an' I don't see why eddication hain't got jist er good a right to hev the bone ache an' git stiff in the j'ints ez enything else has so while yer' bout it, Peleg, why don't re wisht that Chris'mas 'd come on Monday ev'ry year, an' New Year's drop in the folierin' Tuesday, an' New Year's drop in the folierin' Tuesday, and Washin'ton's Birthday come along on We'n'sday, an' Fourth o' July lang away an' yoop on Thursday, an' Thanksgivin wind the percession up on Friday? That'd give eddication a chance to ketch her breath an' grease her bones an' limber up her I'ints amazin'. If I was you, sonny, when I wished fer sumpin' My wished fer sumpin' wuth white, b'goshi''. The look on Peleg's face expressed more than words could how entirely blissful such a week's combination of holidays would be, but presently it was shaded by a doubt that came into his mind.

"That'd be a bully wish, gran'non'" said be.

presently it was shaded by a doubt that came into his mind.

"That'd be a bully wish, gran'pop," said he, "all except the Fourth o' July. It wouldn't do to have that with the rest of 'em."

"What'd be the matter with it, sonny?" asked the Old Settler.

"Why, gran'pop," said Peleg, "it'd spoil the rabbit trackin' and the ridin' down hill and the skatin'."

think of it, sonny! If he were livin' to-day he'd he los vear old! Now, here's Uncle Hen Gubson. He's a livin', an folks thinks he's a wonder; an' yit he's only 1/2! What'd he be if my pop were livin'? Huh! Nothin' more'n a youngster, b'kosb! Hemarkable man my ol' pop were, sonny! 'Specially when ye come to think how many loiks tha is dead that wouldn't hegin to be noways nigh 10% year old if they was livin'! Remarkable man my ol' pop were!"

"Did you ketch the rabbit gran'pop?" asked Pelek, more interested in that than he was in the remarkable character of his ancestor.

"Wull. Feleg." replied the Old Settler. 'Wull. Feleg." replied the Old Settler. 'Wull. Feleg." replied the Old Settler. 'Jokin' back to that first Chris'mase that has come an' gone sence that un, I don't he six or seven dozent o' Chris'mase that has come an' gone sence that un, I don't hes' tate not the shake of a lamb's tail to say, open an' above board, that I ketched it.

I recomember gittin' up bright an' 'arly that Chris'mas, souny, an' teddiin' over to the chimbley jam to see what ol' Sinder Claws had put in my stockin' were a couple o' crullers an' an apple an' three sticks of yaller lasses candy. For were out feelin' the hogs, an' mammy were out milkin' the cow. I got up to the kitchen winder, an' lookin' out I see a rabbit track in the snow goin' straight fer the top o' the hill! were levilin' leete glumpy over the way binder Claws had sized me up, an' so when I see that a held a way, but then I happened to think, young un like, that mehbe they'd taste good by an' by, an' so I stuck 'om in my stockin' were any foller in that rabbit like a houn' on the tiger's track. Jist arter I got away I diskiver' it that I had them three sticks o' 'lasses candy in my hand. At fust I were laid amiled away, follerin' that rabbit like a houn' on the tiger's track. Jist arter I got away I diskiver' it that I had them three sticks o' 'lasses candy in my hand. At fust I were fail amiled, an' then came to where it had ceep in miled, an' then came to where

a sweet tooth.

Now, says I, 'if this here 'lasses candy holds out, says I, 'I'll save the rabbit, an' this Chris'mas 'll be merrier than a barn-raisin' where the ug holds two gallout' says I.

'So I troddes for home takin a short cut.

The Tar follered right slong, an' I kep' a bittu'

eff hunks o' candy an' feedin' of 'em to it. Fast es it'd groliup one hunk it'd nose up actor another un, an' the fust thing I know'd an' the b'ar know'd I hed bajied the b'ar elear to our elearin', an' saug an' fast inter the woodshed, b'goen, an' shet it in. But I wanter say, though, that if Minter Claws had atuek only two sticks o' Insees candy in my stockin' I couldn't a done it, for it were the last chunk offen them three sticks that took the b'ar inter the woodshed.

Wuft. Peleg, my poor o' pop an' mammy tore all along my trail till they come to where I had snaked out the rathit an' killed it an' were jined by the b'ar'. Then they fore back over my trail an' the b'ar's, an' when they come a bustin' inter the house, about ten minutes artar I got in, I were settln' at the table stowin' away breakfast like a hired man.

Merry Chrismar' says I et they busted in. I got the rabbit "asys I. An you tell Ninder Claws when ye see him, asys I, that if he'd a left me a gun I wouldn't a had to waste all that I haves causly on a b'art' asys I.

The Old Settler puffel cut a cloud of smoke, and gazed through it at his grandson, who was apparently thinking acceptains about this tale of his grandianter. By and by I'eleg gave his head a little snake.

But, gran bop, "said he, "you wasn't a year old, yet, and it don't seem as if—"Tuf tut." interrupted the Old Settler. "Far gointer sinnjvate, ag'in, sonny. Don't ye do it, 'couse Chris' mas 'il be here in a day or two, an' if the's anything that Sinder Claws, don't like it's a boy that 'sinnivates!"

ED MOTE. off hunks o' candy an' feedin' of 'em to it. Fast

A COMPOSITE NOVEL

Twelve Wemen of the Twelfth Night Club The Twelfth Night Club is now writing a composite novel. Twelve chapters are to form

the sum total of the book, and twelve members

are even now yearning for inspiration and talking learnedly of "movement" and "ellmaxes" and all that sort of thing. Yet not all of the twelve are seeking inspiration, for already three thrilling chapters have been created and are even now in the hands of Miss Maud Banks, who is to write the fourth. Three times have the twelve literary collaborators met in solemn conclave and read over, step by step, the fortunes of their heroine. For

it is a heroine. As it is a woman's novel, it is quite natural that the star character should be of the softer sex. Mrs. Edward E. Kidder set-tled that when she wrote the first chapter. Mrs. Kidder's connection with the book begins even before the first chapter. It was in this way. The club, like every one else, wanted to rase some money. They discussed the erally all the regulation means by which societies of women attempt to raise money; Twelfth Night Club. At this moment of de-

but they were agreed in thinking these methods too commonplace and hacknessed for so unique and original an organization as the spair Mrs. Kidder, who is a mine of neverfalling originality, fixed her sister members with her eye, like the Ancient Mariner. Why not write a composite novel?" she anked. The proposition fired the imaginations of

the members, who saw the club figuring in future histories of American literature as the originators of the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. Twelve members, representing, it is to be presumed, the cream of the literary talent of the club, were selected to wear the authors' laurel wreath of fame. Mrs. Kidder was, quite naturally, asked to write the first chapter. The second was assigned to Kate Jordan, already a successful maker of books; the third to Ella Starr, a journalist; the fourth to Maud Banks, an actress and playwright; the fifth to Emma Sheridan Fry. an actress. Martha Morton asked for a mid die chapter because she wants to introduce a climax, so they gave the sixth to her. Judging, however, from the progress of the story so

all except the Fourth o' July. It wouldn't do
to have that with the rest of 'em."

What'd be the matter with it, sonny?" asked
the Old Settler.

Why, gran'pop." said Peleg. "it'd apoli the
rabbit trackin' and the ridin' down hill and the
skatin."

But it'd fetch awimmin' and trout fishin',
wouldn't it?" said the Old Settler. "Can't eddication rest her weary hones a frout fishin' an
swimmin', ist as well as she kin a rabbit
trackin' or a ridin' down hill or a skatin'?"

Here was a combination of contrary pleasures that was too tantalizing for further contemplation on Peleg's part, and with a sigh,
he abandoned further thought on the subject.
There was slience in the kitchen for a time.

"Did you ever track rabbits when you was a
boy, gran'pop?" he asked.

"Natur'ly, natur'ly," replied the Old Settler.

"I were born on the 19th day o' aniwerry, and
the very next Christmas follerin' I went out
rabbit trackin'."

"Why, gran'pop," said Peleg, opening his
eyes, "you wasn't a year old yet."

"Why, gran'pop," said Peleg, opening his
eyes, "you wasn't a year old yet."

"Why, gran'pop," said Peleg, opening his
eyes, "you wasn't a year old yet."

"Why, gran'pop," said the Old Settler,
"I'm glad to see ye or quick at figgers, son
any!" said the Old Settler, nodding his head
approvingly. "Ye riblered that up all in yet
head, and the answer is right. I couldn't a
done it no better myself. Yes, Folgs. I were
lackin considerable o' heln' a year old yit, but I
went out rabbit trackin' made
mis, he way I done that trackin made
mis, he way I done that trackin made
mis, he way I done that trackin made
nigh expendid to see ye or quick at figgers, son
line, an' the way I done that trackin made
night expendid to see ye or quick at figgers, son
inc, an' the way I done that trackin made
night expendid to see ye or quick at figgers, son
inc, an' the way I done that trackin made
night expendid to see ye or quick at figgers, son
inc, an' the way I done that trackin made
not not trackin' that fust Chris' maso
nine, an' the way I done French militarry. It seemed dreadult to go to work and do it in cold blood. It was so unnecessary, too, when one could just as well preserve them by some happy chance.

And there was the discomfort to which the heroine was just by making her arrive at her destination with only a small handbag. Every woman knows what was in the handbag; toothbrush, manicure set, comb and brush, hair tongs and alcohol lamp, and similar articles. How could they ever look their heroine in the face again, some of the collaborators asked themselves, if they should deliberately place her in such an awkward position? Just because she was defenceless and couldn't resent it was no reason why they should take such an advantage of her. They got quite as excited over the matter as if a real trunk and a real woman and real Worth gowns had been invoived. But the perpetrator of the railway accident was firm, and the heroine aved only her handbag.

Another writer made the heroine go on the stage. Mrs. liosenfeld rebelled against this she didn't think it right for a society woman like the heroine to go on the stage and take the bread out of the mouths of needy actresses, whose only means of support lay in the profession. And in such hard times, too! But they pointe out to Mrs. Rosenfeld that times were not hard in the book, and that not a slice of bread had appeared so far, any way. Mrs. Bosenfeld finally compromised by letting the young woman go on, because as she reflected, she can promptly take her of again when her turn comes to vrite a chapter.

One of the collaborators says that the book, so far, has more action than analysis, and the meagre accounts given out confirm this.

IT WAS NOT HIS BREAKFAST HOUR. This Tramp Met with a Surprise, and His Benefactor Learned Some hing.

A battered and trembling wreck of humanity stood on Park row one afternoon recently, vaguely mumbling a request for "A few pennies to get a bite to eat, boss. Am out of work, and hungry, boss."

Hundreds passed him, and others like him

without a look or a thought; some shrugged their shoulders in negation, and occasionally one dropped a penny in his shaking hand. One eager, hearty-looking, bright-faced young man stopped suddenly in his rapid progress along the row, and said crisply, in answer to the tramp's mumbling: Hungry ?"

"Outlor work an' hungry, boss. Ain't eatin' nothin' two dars, boss. Honest, boss."

The young nam's band went into his pocket, and the bore and anticipation aroused in the transportant to be also almost human intelligence to his face. The young man happened ligence to his face. The young man happened to catch sight of a near-by coffee house sign.

Tome in here, he said eagerly to the trace, and I'd buy you something to eat."

The bengar tooked disappointed, but shuffed along a ter his benefactor. A steaming cup of comes and a fresh red, with buffer, were placed on the counter at the young man's order, and he told the trained to place in the counter at the young man's order, and he told the trained to place in the first his first to the face of a beam and put it in his mouth. His charteste smallew it would have been funny on the singe. The fresh, crish, clean, who examp loost gagged him, and, with his whole bedy shaking as if he ware about to rattle to places, he started to sink away to the hoor.

Hold on there "shouted the brisk young man, sternly." Tou said for a week hongry, now rod drink that coffee and early deems, he was incapable of expression are rearry defined emotion and he returned to the counter. He tried to have a himself for a great effort, lifted the cup of coffee, part of which he shoke over his hand, carried it to his awaien, twitching lips, and tried to drink. It rich accept limes, but his poissoned painter resented any substitute for the alcohol every her. The efforts nearly chosen a fired to drink. It is tried accept limes, but his poissoned painter resented any substitute for the alcohol every here and fibre of his body cover and accept reserve and fibre of his body cover and accept it was a somet in the brank of a sufficiency.

The new week to have a fit was a fibre he put those it was a somet in the counter. He was a fibre of his body cover and accept it was somet in the his gage. to catch sight of a near-by coffee house sign.

a minute inforce he could speak after he put down the cut. Then he half gasped: "It's no use, boss, it wasn't dis stuff I wanted: it was somet'in 't' brace me." Then he shuffled out on to the street. The brisk roung man paid for the order, and walked on his war, smiling to himself.

BOYES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

An interesting discussion has been carried on in some of the French scientific journals concerning a boulder found near Paris, the peculiar formation of which has led to much difference of opinion on the part of geologista as to the origin of the strictions. The bouldet as to the origin of the striations. The boulds is considered to be unloubtedly of glacial origin, but the singularity is anythited of the strictions being divided into three groups pointing in different directions, yet with all the strata in which this boulder decurred was of a doubtful nature, some geologists examined ering it to be true unmodified drift as left by the meiting glacier, while others regard it as of an alluvial character, and formed by the action of the waters of the being the drift as into greater in volume than at present, while worked over and partially associatine configurations in this boulder are described as being settlewhald forcent from those of an undoubted glacial origin, and are expectably distinguished to different from those of an underlifed glada origin, and are capecially distinguished by gradually increasing in depth toward one end like the cunsiform character of ancient asserian inscriptions, which is thought to indicate that they may have been formed in post-gladial times, either by the acti in of floating tice or running water forcing the stone along or, as Prof. Meunier expresses it, in very simple language, by the gradual sliding of the loose strata containing it down the steep hill-side on which it occurs.

In his address before the Pire Underwetten of Michigan Prof. Kedzie calls attention t some facts in regard to spontaneous combustion which are not generally known or taken into account. Among the most important is the tendency, he says, of vegetable oils, and especially spirits of turpentine, to take oxygen from the sir, and thus generate heat, the large extent of surface exposed to the air promoting this oxidation, and the rage, being poor conductors of heat, retaining the heat produced by such oxidation, and hence arises the danger of spontaneous combustion—similar instances of spontaneous combustion also taking place is hay mows, when the hay has been put up damp; the danger is greater, too, where the rags are soiled by vegetable oils, for example inseed and cottonsed oil, and especially spirits of turpentine used in making varnish Again, the danger from spontaneous compusition proves to be greater where a quantity of greased rags are left in a pile so lowely placed as to keep in the heat caused by oxidation. The mineral oils are much less liable to spontaneous combustion than vegetable oils. tion which are not generally known or taken

A unique departure in ornamental art chronicled in a Munich paper by M. Nauest, chronicled in a Munich paper by M. Nauest, is which mica plays a prominent part as a material or adjunct. Mica being white, more or less transparent, and having a gloss similar to silver, it does not cover sufficiently and needs ground, so that, if a silver gloss is desired, the ground is to be laid in with clear white distemper color. According to M. Nauest, and result is insured, after the distemper color is dry, to have it glazed over with liquid mica reduced by, fifty per cent, water, or more, using a soft camer's halr brush, and if one cost does not suffice it may be repeated. On the mica coat becoming dry, ornaments may be put on, and, if it appears too light, a netting may be stencilled on. If other than white silver grounds are desired, distemper colors are to be added in small quantities to the liquid mica as furnished by the dealers, mixed well on the pallot, and then reduced by water, ready for the brush; once two coatings are then given to the ground, and, if the liquid mica is used colored, the ground is to be colored to match. A friest ground done in olive and painted over with uncolored liquid mica exhibits a very satisfactory gray-colored glossy surface; and a frieze ground done in wine red, and ginzed in mica colored with chrome orange, shows a fine red gloss. which mica plays a prominent part as a mate

manufacture of screws is that of forming the threads on the screw blanks by cold rolling the latter between reciprocating dies having the latter between reciprocating dies having ridges and depressions formed on their faces. In the general operations, as now improved, the wire, after being gauged for the different sizes of screws to be turned out, is fed from reels into heading machines, in which the screw blanks are partly formed, the proper length of wire for a screw being cut off and a head formed by one or more blows from a header, after which the rude blanks are dumped into a form of hopper on a machine for cutting the slots in the heads and shaving off the latter to a finish. The rough acrew blanks are now fed along a slide automatically, each one in turn being held by suitable grips, and are presented to a milling cutter for cutting the slots in the heads and to the tool for turning the head and the bevelled surface on the under side, the blank being now released and falling into a receptacle underneath, making room for the next blank: the finished blanks, having gone through a rattler, are next taken to the threading machine, in which also the entire operation is automatic. The blanks pass along a slide, one by one, in the same way, and are gripped and presented in a horizontal position to a cutting or threading tool secured in a reciprocating tool block—this having the necessary amount of longitudinal feed to give the desired pitch to the screw head, and has a quick return motion.

The claim is put forth by Stanislaus county Cal., of having the highest overflow dam in th dumne River, three miles from the town of La Grange, and, according to the dimensions given, is 380 feet long on top, the plan being curved on a radius of 320 feet, and the maximum height above the foundation is some 128 feet. The front face of the wall is made to conform to the curve described by the water in overflowing and to deflect it into the basin in conform to the curve described by the water in overflowing and toideflect it into the basin in front of the dam. The dam is built of "cyclopean rubble," and is a model of solidity. Huge rooks, weighing from six to ten tons, were first laid on the bottom, all their projecting portions being cut off and a flat but rough surface prepared for the lower bed, but before being placed in the bottom, all the stones, whatever their size, were serubbed and subjected to the action of numerous jets of water under a pressure of some seventy-flive feet. The dam is intended to distribute water over a territory embracing 276,-00°) acres, one district the Turlock, comprising about 198,000, and the Modesta district 78,000. The water fliows over the dam into two ditches, one of 30 miles length and 100 feet width and the other of 2N miles length and 80 feet width. The lake will be four miles long and one-half mile wide.

The atmosphere of stellar space is the sub

ject of a learned article in Science, in which the writer argues that the process of dissipatthe writer argues that the process of dissipating into space may be prevented—among other causes—by the fact that the planets are continually sweeping through the interplanetary space where the escaped particles caused by such movements are so active and, even if the density of this interplanetary atmosphere be only a millionth of a millionth of the density of the earth's surface, still there will be as least a million particles in each cubic centimetre, and some of them will get swept up by the planets in their course and will not get away again. Such being the case, it is argued by this writer that the process of dissipation will cause when a planet picks up in its course through space just as many as it loses by diffusion in the same time; and it follows from this that there must exist in planetary space an atmosphere which, though greatly reduced in density, is of the same chemical constitution as the earth's atmosphere—that is, having the same chemical constitution as the earth's atmosphere—that is, having the same chemical constituents, though not quite in the same proportions, for the average velocity of the particles of nitrogen is a trifle greater than that of the particles of oxygen, and so the former escape into space rather more frequently in proportion to their numbers than that after—the effect too, of gravity being to introgen in the lower strate of the atmosphere.

Shoddy manufacture, according to the iming into space may be prevented-among

Shoddy manufacture, according to the improved system of production now in vogue, is said to include only such materials as soft woollen and worsted rags, particularly the cippings from tailor shops, on account of their clearness and softness, an essenting point, however, being that they be fully but little, as the less they have been fetted and matted the less grinding required to sevarate the fibre; in addition these clippings, such stock as case way woolles that garments and stocking which have been tut moderately full are acceptable material. Cleaning a colling, as may be necessary, have been resorted to the material is subject to the grinding operation, accomplished means of a system of powerful steel-principlinders and rollers. The substances to ground are led onto a table or feed sheet a conveyed to two fluted rollers, an overest from which they are vigorously soired by woollen and worsted rags, particularly ground are fed onto a table or feed a conveyed to two fluted railers, on from which they are vigorously self-majority revolving teach of the main the latter containing about 1.500 etc sized teach turning at the rate of a 7-de revolutions per minute. This resolutions per minute. This resolutions per minute. This resolutions per minute. This resolution is tearing the rags apart and ing the threads and flore in such a says the Teacterian. that the whole ing the threads and flore in such a sars the Profession, that the whole reduced to a soft, woolly condition. An account is given by Mr. Thurston in his

Handbook of the Kameia dye of in its which produces a gorgeous flame golor of produces a correction frame color of various shades according to the produce with contact the borries of a trao which grows of a catalog borries of a trao which grows of a catalog backets in the further purpose in contact the further preparation. The religious of the color which it is allowed to stan in rates to extract the color. The city to be decided to the force of the color, which is allowed to the color which is allowed to be color which is allowed to be color which is allowed to the color which is allowed to be color of the color which is allowed to be color of the color the color, which is afterward fixed with alum. The dye is pronounced to pushes the qualified insuring a last and durable ador the same result, however being visitined to be reached with the artificial product called arollaving and more readily.